THOMAS and SALLY:

OR, THE

SAILOR'S RETURN.

A

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

As performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL.

A NEW EDITION.

DUBLIN:

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

PREFACE.

THE public has made ſo little difficulty hitherto, in ſwallowing nauſeous, or, at beſt, inſipid verſes, when they have been wrapped up in agreeable muſic; that to offer a word, either by way of defence, or apology, for the following trifle, ſeems altogether unneceſſary.

It will be eaſily believed, that the author did not write it with a view to acquire the reputation of a genius: he muſt be a ſimpleton indeed, who hopes to give people an idea of his wealth by ſhewing them a handful of farthings. He wrote it merely to comply with the requeſt of a theatrical perſon, whom he had an inclination to oblige; it was deſigned and finiſhed in ſomewhat leſs than a fortnight; and his excuſe for now ſuffering it to appear in print (and he really

thinks ſuch an excuſe neceſſary) muſt be the nature of a muſical entertainment, which requires, that the words ſhould be put into the hands of the audience, who would otherwiſe find it impoſſible to accompany the performers in what they ſing upon the ſtage.

He is no ſtranger to the whimſical prejudice, which inclines moſt people to meaſure the worth of dramatic pieces by their length; and becauſe a muſical entertainment is unavoidably the ſhorteſt of any, makes them, for that reaſon, deny its being capable of any degree of merit at all. But though what he here ventures into the world, is neither a Tragedy, a Comedy, or even ſo much as a Comedy of two acts; he flatters himſelf, there are ſome few, who will not condemn it, merely becauſe it is not, what it was not deſigned for: he hopes they will conſider, that when he ſat down to write it, he ſat down to write a muſical entertainment; and that a certain poet and critic, who is allowed to have been a tolerable judge in ſuch matters, has told us no author can compaſs more than he intends.

If after this, any perſons have an inclination to find fault with it, they are heartily welcome; nay, he will ſo far ſubſcribe to their opinion, as to confeſs, there are ſome as bad lines in it, as the worſt dabbler's in ſing-ſong ever were guilty of; but he thought it needleſs to correct them, as every thing of this kind muſt be caſtrated, in order to make it perfectly muſical; and ſtretched and altered, to fit the ſhape of the ſtage. However, he would certainly point out the exceptionable lines, to ſhew he is not ignorant of them; but that he takes it for granted, there will be people enough ready to ſave him the trouble.

Thus far by way of Preface; which the author has written, only becauſe he is aſſured there is nothing ſo acceptable to the purchaſers of any thing in the form of a book now-a-days, as a reaſonable penny-worth in print and paper; and he had a mind to avail himſelf of the advantages attending an additional half-ſheet.

For the ſame reaſon too he might poſſibly have attempted a dedication; but unfortunately, the only

perſonages likely to patronize his performance are united in a particular ſociety; and he was at a loſs in what manner to order their titles, ſo as to make a proper blazon at the head of a page. However, in this place he would be underſtood to inſcribe the following rhimes to thoſe vagrant choireſters, who like the bards of old, ſing verſes about the public ſtreets; and if, when they have thought proper to advance his ballads to a place in the Chimney-ſweeper's Garland, the Sweet-heart's Delight, or any other of their ingenious collections: they ſhould (thro' their novelty, and the prevailing argument of playhouſe tunes) be the means of rendering more reaſonable in their demands, thoſe grinders of the muſes, who have the conſcience to expect ſix and thirty pretty ſongs in one book for a halfpenny; he ſhall think the time and pains they coſt him in compoſing, very well beſtowed.

To conclude. The author thinks there is no doubt, on account of the muſic, which is admirable; and the performance, which will be excellent; but this little piece muſt ſucceed upon the ſtage; but after having been acquitted there, he foreſees, ſome buſy people will be for bringing it before the judges in the court

court of criticiſm. Now he applies himſelf to the ſaid judges, requiring them to conſider all ſuch proceedings as arbitrary, at leaſt, if not unprecedented: he deſires, that they will ſuffer the inſignificancy of this piece, to ſcreen it from their cognizance; and that they will not attempt to break a butterfly upon a wheel.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	Covent-Garden.	Drury-Lane.
The 'Squire,	Mr. Mattocks.	Mr. Dod.
Thomas,	Mr. Dubellamy.	Mr. Vernon.
Sally,	Mrs. Pinto.	Mrs. Arne.
Dorcas,	Mrs. Thompson.	Mrs. Love.

SCENE the COUNTRY.

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THOMAS

THOMAS and SALLY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Village at the Foot of a Hill, with a Cottage more advanced than the reſt on one Side. SALLY diſcovered ſpinning at the door.

MY time how happy once, and gay!
Oh! blithe I was as blithe could be;
But now I'm ſad, ah, well-a-day!
For my true love is gone to ſea.

The lads purſue, I ſtrive to ſhun,
Though all their arts are loſt on me,
For I can never love but one,
And he, alas! is gone to ſea.

They bid me to the wake, the fair,
To dances on the neighb'ring lea;
But how can I in pleaſure ſhare,
While my true love is out at ſea?

The flowers droop till light's return
The pigeon mourns its abſent ſhe;
So will I droop, ſo will I mourn,
Till my true love comes back from ſea.

SCENE

SCENE II.

SALLY, DORCAS.

DORCAS.

What will you never quit this fooliſh trade?
Still, ſtill in tears?——Ah, you're a fooliſh maid!
In time have prudence, your own int'reſt ſee;
Youth laſts not always; be adviſ'd by me.

That May-day of life is for pleaſure,
For ſinging, for dancing, and ſhow;
Then why ſhould we waſte ſuch a treaſure,
In ſighing and crying——heigho!
Let's copy the birds in the meadows,
By hers tune your pipe when 'tis low;
Fly round and coquet it as ſhe does,
And never ſit crying——heigho!

Though when in the arms of a lover,
It ſometimes may happen, I know,
That ere all our toying is over,
We cannot help crying——heigho!
In age every one a new part takes,
I find to my ſorrow 'tis ſo;
When old, you may cry till your heart achs,
But no one will mind your——heigho!

SALLY.

Leave me.

DORCAS.

Go to——I come to make you glad,
Odſooks, what's here? this folly ſets me mad.
You're grieving, and for whom?—'tis pretty ſport——
For one that gets a wife at ev'ry port.

SALLY.

SALLY.

Dorcas, for ſhame, how can you be ſo baſe?
Or after this look Thomas in the face!
His ſhip's expected.

DORCAS

Tell not me——the 'Squire——
As Tom is yours, you are his heart's deſire.
Then why ſo peeviſh, and ſo froward ſtill?
He'll make your fortune; let him have his will.

SALLY.

Were I as poor as wretch can be,
As great as any monarch, he;
Ere on ſuch terms I'd mount his throne,
I'd work my fingers to the bone.

Grant me, ye Pow'rs! I aſk not wealth;
Grant me but Innocence and health.
Ah! what is grandeur link'd to vice?
'Tis only virtue gives it price.

SCENE III.

DORCAS.

Well, go your ways—I cannot chuſe but ſmile;
Wou'd I were young again—alas! the while;
But what are wiſhes——wiſhes will not do:
One cannot eat one's cake, and have it too.

When I was a young one what girl was like me?
So wanton, ſo airy, and briſk as a bee:
I tattled, I rambled, I laugh'd, and where'er
A fiddle was heard, to be ſure I was there.
To all that came near I had ſomething to ſay;
'Twas this Sir—and that, Sir—but ſcarce ever nay;
And Sundays dreſs'd out in my ſilks and my lace,
I warrant I ſtood by the beſt in the place.

At

At twenty, I got me a huſband—poor man!
Well, reſt him, we all are as good as we can;
Yet he was ſo peeviſh, he'd quarrel for ſtraws;
And jealous——though truly I gave him ſome cauſe.
He ſnubb'd me, and huff'd me——but let me alone;
Egad, I've a tongue——and I paid him his own.
Ye wives, take the hint, and when ſpouſe is untow'rd,
Stand firm to our charter——and have the laſt word.

But now I'm quite alter'd, the more to my woe;
I'm not what I was forty ſummers ago;
This Time's a ſore foe, there's no ſhunning his dart;
However, I keep up a pretty good heart.
Grown old, yet I hate to be ſitting mum-chance;
I ſtill love a tune, though unable to dance;
And books of devotion laid by on my ſhelf,
I teach that to others I once did myſelf.

SCENE IV.

The 'SQUIRE appears d ſcending the Hill with HUNTSMEN.

'SQUIRE.

Hark, hark, the ſhrill horn calls the ſportſmen abroad;
To horſe, my brave boys, and away;
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay.
What pleaſure we feel in purſuing the fox,
O'er hill, and o'er valley he flies;
Then follow, we'll ſoon overtake him. Huzza!
The traitor is ſeiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the ſpoil,
Like Bacchanals, ſhouting and gay;
How ſweet with a bottle and laſs to refreſh,
And loſe the fatigues of the day
With ſport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy;
Dull wiſdom all happineſs ſours:
Since life is no more than a paſſage at beſt,
Let's ſtrew the way over with flow'rs.

SCENE

SCENE V.

The 'SQUIRE returning after the HUNTSMEN are gone off, knocks at SALLY's Door, who comes out of the Cottage.

SALLY.

Ah! whither have my heedleſs ſteps betray'd?

'SQUIRE.

Where you'd you fly? of whom are you afraid?
Here's neither ſpectre, ghoſt, nor goblin nigh;
Nor any one——but Cupid, you and I.

SALLY.

Unlucky!

'SQUIRE.

'Sdeath! ſhe ſets me all on fire:
Bewitching girl! I languiſh with deſire.
But wherefore do you ſhrink, and trembling ſtand,
So coy, ſo ſilly?

SALLY.

Pray, ſir, looſe my hand.

'SQUIRE.

When late I wander'd o'er the plain,
From nymph, to nymph, I ſtrove in vain,
My wild deſires to rally;
But now they're of themſelves come home,
And, ſtrange! no longer ſeek to roam
They center all in Sally.

Yet ſhe, unkind one, damps my joy,
And cries I court but to deſtroy:
Can love with ruin tally?
By thoſe dear lips, thoſe eyes, I ſwear,
I would all deaths, all torments bear,
Rather than injure Sally.

Come then, oh come, thou ſweeter far
Than jeſſamine and roſes are,
Or lillies of the valley;
O follow Love, and quit your fear,
He'll guide you to theſe arms, my dear,
And make me bleſt in Sally.

SALLY.

Sir, you demean yourſelf; and, to be free,
Some lady you ſhould chuſe of fit degree:
I am too low, too vulgar———

'SQUIRE.

Rather ſay,
There's ſome more favour'd rival in the way:
Some happy ſweetheart in your thoughts take place;
For him you keep your favours; that's the caſe.

SALLY.

Well, if it be, 'tis neither ſhame nor ſin:
An honeſt lad he is, of honeſt kin:
No higher than my equal I pretend:
You have your anſwer, ſir, and there's an end.

'SQUIRE.

Come, come, my dear girl I muſt not be deny'd;
Fine cloaths you ſhall flaſh in, and rant it away:
I'll give you this purſe too, and, hark you, beſide,
We'll kiſs and we'll toy all the long ſummer's day.

SALLY.

Of kiſſing and toying you ſoon would be tir'd,
Oh! ſhould hapleſs Sally conſent to be naught!
Beſides, ſir, believe me, I ſcorn to be hir'd;
The heart's not worth gaining which is to be bought.

'SQUIRE.

Perhaps you're afraid of the world's buſy tongue;
But know, above ſcandal you then ſhall be put;
And laugh, as you roll in your chariot along,
At draggle-tail Chaſtity walking a-foot.

SALLY.

SALLY.

If only thro' fear of the world I was ſhy,
My coyneſs and modeſty were but ill ſhown;
Its pardon 'twere eaſy with money to buy;
But how, tell me how, I ſhould purchaſe my own.

'SQUIRE.

Leave morals to grey-beards, thoſe lips were deſign'd
For better employment.

SALLY.

I will not endure——

'SQUIRE.

Oh fye, child! Love bids you be rich, and be kind;

SALLY.

But Virtue commands me—Be honeſt and poor.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Sea Side.

THOMAS, with Sailors, enters in a Boat, fromwhich they land.

THOMAS.

AVAST, my boys, avaſt ; all hands aſhore :
Meſs-mates, what cheer? Old England, hey! once more.
I'm thinking how the wenches will rejoice ;
Out with your preſents, boys, and take your choice.
I've an old ſweetheart——but look there's the town ;
Weigh anchor, tack about, and let's bear down.

How happy is the ſailor's life,
From coaſt to coaſt they roam ;
In every port he finds a wife,
In ev'ry land a home.
He loves to range,
He's no where ſtrange ;
He ne'er will turn his back,
To friend or foe ;
No maſters, no ;
My life for honeſt Jack.
Chorus. He loves to range, &c.

If ſaucy foes dare make a noiſe,
And to the ſword appeal ;
We out, and quickly larn 'em, boys,
With whom they have to deal.
We know no craft but 'fore and aft'
Lay on our ſtrokes amain ;
Then, if they're ſtout, for t'other bout,
We drub 'em o'er again.
Chorus. We know no craft, &c.

Or fair or foul, let Fortune blow,
Our hearts are never dull;
The pocket that to day ebbs low,
To-morrow ſhall be full;
For if ſo be, we want, d'ye ſee;
A pluck of this here ſtuff;
In Indi—a, and Ameri—ca,
We're ſure to find enough.
Chorus. For if ſo be, &c.

Then bleſs the king and bleſs the ſtate,
And bleſs our captains all;
And ne'er may chance unfortunate,
The Britiſh fleet befall.
But proſp'rous gales where'er ſhe ſails,
And ever may ſhe ride,
Of ſea and ſhore, till time's no more,
The terror and the pride.
Chorus. But proſp'rous gales, &c.

SCENE II.

'SQUIRE, DORCAS.

'SQUIRE.

In vain I've ev'ry wily art eſſay'd,
Nor promiſes can tempt, nor vows perſuade;
No proſpect of ſucceſs is left me now:
How ſhall I gain her?

DORCAS.

Why I'll tell you how.
This way ſhe comes, the wench is full of pride,
Lay oaths, and vows, and promiſes aſide:
Often, when regular approaches fail,
Beſiegers ſtorm a place, and ſo prevail.

All you who would wiſh to ſucceed with a laſs,
Learn how the affair 's to be done;
For if you ſtand fooling and ſhy like an aſs,
You'll loſe her as ſure as a gun.

With whining, and ſighing, and vows, and all that,
As far as you pleaſe you may run;
She'll hear you, and jeer you, and give you a pat,
But jilt you as ſure as a gun.

To worſhip and call her bright goddeſs is fine;
But mark you the conſequence, mun;
The baggage will think herſelf really divine,
And ſcorn you as ſure as a gun.

Then be with a maiden bold, frolic, and ſtout,
And no opportunity ſhun;
She'll tell you ſhe hates you, and ſwear ſhe'll cry out,
But mum——ſhe's as ſure as a gun.

SCENE III.

SALLY, with a Milking-Pail.

How cruel thoſe who with ungen'rous aim,
Strive to ſeduce, and bring poor maids to ſhame!
That bruiſh 'ſquire! but wherefore ſhould I fear?
I ne'er can turn falſe-hearted to my dear.
No, when he came his laſt farewell to take,
He bid me wear this token for his ſake;
He ſhall not prove me fickle and unkind;
Or ſay, that——out of ſight was out of mind.

Auſpicious ſpirits, guard my love,
In time of danger near him bide;
With out-ſpread wings around him move,
And turn each random-ball aſide.

And

And you his foes, though hearts of ſteel,
Oh! may you then with me accord;
A ſympathetic paſſion feel,
Behold his face and drop the ſword.

Ye winds, your bluſt'ring fury leave;
Like airs that o'er the garden ſweep;
Breathe ſoft in ſighs, and gently heave
The calm, ſmooth boſom of the deep.
Till Halcyon Peace return'd once more,
From blaſts ſecure, and hoſtile harms,
My ſailor views his native ſhore,
And harbours ſafe in theſe fond arms.

SCENE IV.

'SQUIRE, SALLY.

'SQUIRE,

Well met, pretty maid;
Nay, don't be afraid;
I mean you no miſchief, I vow;
Pſha! what is't you ail?
Come, give me your pail,
And I'll carry it up to your cow.

SALLY.

Pray let it alone
I've hands of my own,
Nor need yours to help me—forbear!
How can you perſiſt?
I won't, ſir, be kiſt,
Nor teiz'd thus——go trifle elſewhere.

'SQUIRE.

In yon lonely grove,
I ſaw an alcove,

All

All round the ſweet violet ſprings;
And there was a thruſh,
Hard by in a buſh,
'Twould charm you to hear how he ſings.

SALLY.

But hark! pry'thee hark!
Look yonder's a lark!
It warbles and pleaſes me ſo,
To hear the ſoft tale,
O' th' ſweet nightingale,
I would not be tempted to go.

'SQUIRE.

Then here we'll ſit down:
Come, come, never frown!
No longer my bliſs I'll retard;
Kind Venus ſhall ſpread,
Her veil over head,
And the little rogue Cupid keep guard.

SCENE V.

'SQUIRE, SALLY, THOMAS,

THOMAS.

What's this I ſee? may I believe my eyes?
A pirate juſt about to board my prize!
'Tis well I this way chanc'd my courſe to ſteer.
Sal, what's the matter?

SALLY.

Thomas!

'SQUIRE

'SQUIRE.

'Sdeath! who's here?
Fellow, begone, or———

THOMAS.

Larn your phraſe to mend:
Do you ſheer off, or elſe I'll make you, friend.
Let go the wench, I claim her for my ſhare,
And now lay hands upon her—if you dare.

'SQUIRE.

Saucy raſcal, this intruſion
You ſhall anſwer to your coſt:
Bully'd!—ſcandaliz'd!—confuſion!
All my ſchemes and wiſhes croſt.

THOMAS.

Hark you, Maſter, keep your diſtance;
'Sblood, take notice what I ſay:
There's the channel, no reſiſtance,
Tack about, and bear away.

SALLY.

Wou'd you wreſt our freedom from us?——
Now my heart has loſt its fear:
Oh! my beſt, my deareſt Thomas,
Sure ſome angel brought you here.

'SQUIRE.

Since her paltry inclination,
Stoops to ſuch a thing as you;

Thus

Thus I make a recantation,
Wretched, fooliſh girl, adieu!

SCENE VI.

SALLY, THOMAS.

SALLY.

Oh! welcome, welcome! How ſhall I impart
The joy this happy meeting gives my heart?
Now, Tom, in ſafety ſtay at home with me,
And never truſt again that treach'rous ſea.

THOMAS.

Excuſe me, Sal, while mighty George has foes,
On land, and main, their malice I'll oppoſe.
But hang this talking, my deſires are keen;
You ſee yon ſteeple, and know what I mean.

Let fops pretend in flames to melt,
And talk of pangs they never felt;
I ſpeak without diſguiſe or art,
And with my hand beſtow my heart.

SALLY.

Let ladies prudiſhly deny,
Look cold and give their thoughts the lye;
I own the paſſion in my breaſt,
And long to make my lover bleſt.

THOMAS.

For this the ſailor, on the maſt,
Endures the cold and cutting blaſt;

All

All dripping wet, wears out the night,
And braves the fury of the fight.

SALLY.

For this the virgin pines and ſighs,
With throbbing heart and ſtreaming eyes;
Till ſweet reverſe of joy ſhe proves,
And claſps the faithful lad ſhe loves.

BOTH.

Ye Britiſh youths, be brave, you'll find,
The Britiſh virgins will be kind:
Protect their beauty from alarms,
And they'll repay you with its charms.

FINIS.

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